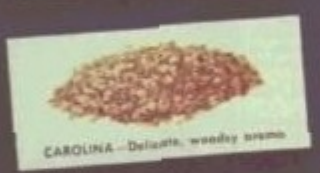
# WHAT MAN WOULDN'T GO FOR ALL FIVE?

**And what Pipe Smoker would pass up a blend of 5 such perfections as this? Isn't it worth 15c to try?**

REVELATION Pipe Mixture combines the perfections of 5 GREAT TOBACCOS—fully blended—and CUT 5 DIFFERENT WAYS—to get from each tobacco its richest goodness.

VIRGINIA—For rich, fragrant body

PERIQUE—For zest and sparkle



CAROLINA—Delicate, woodsy aroma

LATAKIA—Spicy flavor

BURLEY—So cool—and mellow!

REVELATION

SMOKING MIXTURE

THE PERFECT TOBACCO

Most "mixtures" are only 1 or 2 tobaccos, cut 1 way. They can't come near REVELATION for perfect pipe smoking. 5 tobaccos—cut 5 ways—makes a tremendous difference. Try REVELATION!

15¢ POCKET PACK

A product of PHILIP MORRIS


## LUNNY IS SO HELPLESS!

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could push her features back in place, Pev was in the bedroom humming. "Come on, Judsey! We're going fishing!" He stopped short at the sight of her face. "And now who's crying for what?" His own face grew sober. "Homesick, honey? Want to go back to Mobile?"

"Oh, no!" She flung herself against him. "It's just that —— Pev, couldn't we send for Lunny? She's lonesome!"

Pev sat down on the bed, pulled her on his lap and read the letter over her head. "What's with this family business?" he demanded, tipping Judith's face up.

"Lunny thinks we ought to start one," Judith said meekly.

"Oh, she does!" he growled. "Well, tell her to mind her own business, will you? And to stop traveling. Or I'll tell her myself."

"I'll tell her," Judith said quickly. "I'll give her what for."

"And tell her that there aren't any colored folks in King's Point, either, so she can't come here and stay."

"There's Dan, the garbage man," Judith said meekly. "He's bound to live somewhere around here."

"Dan doesn't constitute a colored community," Pev said. "Besides, if she's lonesome in Mobile, where she has friends, she'd be worse than lonesome here. Tell her that too."

"Yes, sir," Judith said.

"And don't look so meek and prim," Pev said, and kissed her.

Judith held his face down against hers. "Do that again, lover—longer and better," she whispered.

"You may look prim ——" Pev said. He did it again.

Lunny didn't answer Judith's letter giving her "what for."

"She's got a mad on at me now, I guess," Judith said dolefully.

And Pev said, "She's got to learn to pull her own weight in times like these. Let's go dig fish worms, sugar."

Pev's birthday was in September, and always, when autumn, Lunny had baked him a coconut cake—a fresh coconut cake. It had been ritual from the time when Judith and Pev became engaged. Judith decided to surprise him with it this year, as she wrote to long-silent Lunny for the recipe. There was no answer, so, after a week's waiting, Judith air-mailed a special delivery. "This is a case of emergency, Lunny," she wrote, "so please see that I get that cake recipe. DON'T fail me."

Another week went by, but no answer. Judith borrowed cookbooks from other Navy wives and pored over them. The recipe wasn't there. She thought about Lunny and boiled as Pev's birthday came nearer. *I work I had my War Bond back,* she snorted to herself. *I'd give it to somebody who'd appreciate it—for a birthday present.*

Doubtfully, she took down the fresh coconut she had been hoarding, and considered ways and means to get inside of it. She was poising the hammer doubtfully when a yellowish little boy with a funny nose appeared suddenly at her kitchen door.

He said all in one breath, "Colored lady asking for you Miss Drake here she is now." Then he skittered away.

Judith put down the hammer and went to the door. The colored lady was heaving across the back yard, lugging a bulging suitcase. It was Lunny, of course. She kicked up two dog bones and an empty fish-worm can, and snorted audibly, but never loosened her stride. It was Lunny, all right, in her best Sunday feather hat and the red fur with the turkey feather; Lunny, regal and queenly, and already darkly indignant about everything in King's Point, beginning with the bus service, which she had obviously found to be nil, and ending with Judith's back yard, which was plus.

"Lunny!" Judith shouted. "Lunny, darling!" She catapulted out the back door and across the intervening space to envelop the black bulk in her arms. She was crying. Lunny was crying too.

"Miss Judy, honey, you're so Lawd!" They clung together there in the back yard, while curious King's Point inhabitants pushed their noses against screens or leaned from porch steps to take in the strange sight. Judith hurried her visitor inside. Already she felt complications rising around her.

"Lunny, where did you get the train fare?"

Lunny slumped her bundling, blowing like a porpoise, and surveyed the tiny kitchen with a lifted nose. "Smell lak mice," she said.

"You cashed the War Bond!" Judith said. "And I told you it was only for an emergency."

"Yessum, and you sir mails me dat you gotta hab dat coconut cake fuh de birthday—a case of emergency, you sir-mails me!"

"Oh, my stars and red garters!" Judith said.

Lunny beamed at her benevolently. "Honey, you just tell me whereat to set

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"Busted?"

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